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THE AMORETTI OF JNDE



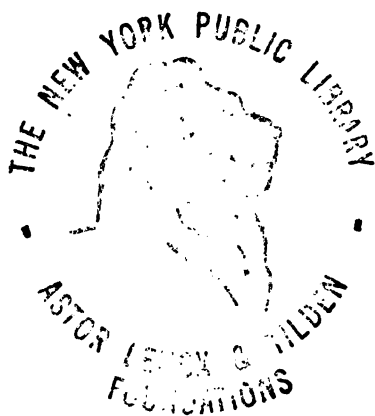
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AMORETTI

AMORETTI
WRITTEN NOT LONG SINCE
BY
EDMUNDE SPENSER

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MCM I

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By
The Laurel Press



**TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL SIR
ROBART NEEDHAM, KNIGHT**

SIR, to gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets, the deede of that wel deserving gentleman, maister Edmond Spenser: whose name sufficiently warranting the worthinesse of the work, I do more confidently presume to publish it in his absence, under your name, to whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage therof doth in some respectes properly appertaine. For, besides your judgement and delighte in learned poesie, this gentle Muse, for her former perfection long wished for in Englande, nowe at the length crossing the Seas in your happy companye, (though to your selfe unknowne) seemeth to make choyse of you, as meetest to give her deserved countenance, after her retourne: entertaine her, then, (Right worshipfull) in sorte best beseeming your gentle minde, and her merite, and take in worth my good will herein, who seeke no more but to shew my selfe yours in all dutifull affection.

W. P.

TO THE AUTHOR

DARKE is the day, when Phœbus face is
shrowded,
And weaker sights may wander soone astray :
But, when they see his glorious raies un-
clouded,
With steddy steps they keepe the perfect way :
So, while this Muse in forraine landes doth stay,
Invention weepes, and pens are cast aside ;
The time, like night, deprivd of chearefull day ;
And few do write, but (ah !) too soone may slide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,
Dawnting thereby our neighbours auncient
pride,
That do, for poesie, challenge cheefest name :
So we that live, and ages that succede,
With great applause thy learned works shall
reede.

G. W. SENIOR.

TO THE AUTHOR

AH! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Pypping to shepherds thy sweete rounde-
laies :

Or whether singing, in some lofty vaine,
Heroick deedes of past or present daies ;
Or whether in thy lovely mistris praise,
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill ;
Thy muse hath got such grace and power to
please,

With rare invention, bewtified by skill,
As who therein can ever joy their fill !
O! therefore let that happy muse proceede
To clime the height of Vertues sacred hill,
Where endles honour shall be made thy meede :
Because no malice of succeeding daies
Can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. I.º

AMORETTI



HAPPY, ye leaves! when as
those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their
dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in
loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the
victors sight.

And happy lines! on which, with starry light,
Those laming eyes will deigne sometimes to
look,

And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
Written with teares in harts close-bleeding book.

And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke
Of Helicon, whence she derived is;

When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,

My soules long-lacked foode, my heavens blis;

Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please
alone,

Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

UNQUIET thought ! whom at
the first I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love-
pined hart ;
And sithens have with sighes
and sorrowes fed,
Till greater then my wombe
thou woxen art :

Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood ;
And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
And also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
But, if in presence of that fayrest proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet ;
And, with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, intreat :
Which, if she graunt, then live, and my love
cherish :
If not, die soone ; and I with thee will perish.

THE soverayne beauty which
I doo admyre,
Witnesse the world how
worthy to be prayzed !
The light whereof hath kin-
dled heavenly fyre
In my fraile spirit, by her from
baseness raysed ;
That, being now with her huge brightnesse
dazed,

Base thing I can no more endure to view :
But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.
So when my tounge would speak her praises dew,
It stopped is with thoughts astonishment ;
And, when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravisht is with fancies wonderment :
Yet in my hart I then both speake and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

NEW yeare, forth looking out
of Janus gate,
Doth seeme to promise hope
of new delight:
And, bidding th' old Adieu,
his passed date
Bids all old thoughts to die
in dumpish spright:
And, calling forth out of sad Winters night
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse
bower,
Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lusty Spring now in his timely howre
Is ready to come forth, him to receive;
And warnes the Earth with divers-colord flowre
To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.
Then you, faire flowre! in whom fresh youth
doth raine,
Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.

WUDELV thou wrongest my
deare harts desire,
In finding fault with her too
portly pride :
The thing which I doo most in
her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most
envide :

For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foul dis-
honor :

Thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her.
Such pride is praise ; such portlinesse is honor ;
That boldned innocence beares in hir eies ;
And her faire countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreds in defiaunce of all enemies.

Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing
pride.



E nought dismayd that her
unmoved mind
Doth still persist in her re-
bellious pride:
Such love, not lyke to lusts of
baser kynd,
The harder wonne, the firmer
will abide.

The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre;
But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven
aspire.

So hard it is to kindle new desire
In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever:
Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
With chast affects that naught but death can
sever;
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine.
To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.



LAYRE eyes! the myrrour of
my mazed hart,
What wondrous vertue is con-
taynd in you,
The which both lyfe and death
forth from you dart,
Into the object of your mighty
view?

For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
Then is my soule with life and love inspired :
But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
Then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.
But, since that lyfe is more then death desyred,
Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best ;
That your bright beams, of my weak eies ad-
myred,
May kindle living fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honor of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.



MORE then most faire, full of
the living fire,
Kindled above unto the Maker
neere ;
No cies but joyes, in which al
powers conspire,
That to the world naught else
be counted deare ;
Thruh your bright beams doth not the blinded
guest
Shoot out his darts to base affections wound ;
But Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest
In chast desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within ;
You stop my tounge, and teach my hart to speake ;
You calme the storme that passion did begin,
Strong thruh your cause, but by your vertue
weak.
Dark is the world, where your light shined
never ;
Well is he borne, that may behold you ever.



LONG-WHILE I sought to
what I might compare
Those powrefull eies, which
lighten my dark spright;
Yet find I nought on earth, to
which I dare
Resemble th' ymage of their
goodly light.

Not to the Sun; for they doo shine by night;
Nor to the Moone; for they are changed never;
Nor to the Starres; for they have purer sight;
Nor to the Fire; for they consume not ever;
Nor to the Lightning; for they still persever;
Nor to the Diamond; for they are more tender;
Nor unto Cristall; for nought may them sever;
Nor unto Glasse; such baseness mought offend
her.

Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.



UNRIGHTEOUS Lord of
Love, what law is this,
That me thou makest thus
tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in li-
centious blisse
Of her freewill, scorning both
thee and me?

See! how the Tyrannesse doth joy to see
The huge massâcres which her eyes do make;
And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,
That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance
take,

But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,
And that high look, with which she doth comp-
troll

All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,
And al her faults in thy black booke enroll:

That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain
her sport.



DAILY when I do seeke and
sew for peace,
And hostages doe offer for my
truth ;
She, cruell warriour, doth her-
selfe addresse
To battell, and the weary war
renew'th ;
Ne wilbe moov'd with reason, or with rewth,
To graunt small respite to my restlesse toile ;
But greedily her fell intent pursuewth,
Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify :
But then she seeks, with torment and turmoyle,
To force me live, and will not let me dy.
All paine hath end, and every war hath peace ;
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.



ONE day I sought with her hart-
thrilling eies
To make a truce, and termes
to entertaine :
All fearelesse then of so false
enimies,
Which sought me to entrap in
treasons traine.

So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
A wicked ambush which lay hidden long
In the close covert of her guilefull eyen,
Thence breaking forth, did thicke about me
throng,
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,
Was first to yeeld my selfe into their hands ;
Who, me captiving streight with rigorous
wrong,
Have ever since me kept in cruell bands.
So, Ladie, now to you I doo complaine,
Against your eies, that justice I may gaine.



IN that proud port, which her
so goodly graceth,
Whiles her faire face she
reares up to the skie,
And to the ground her eie-lids
low embaseth,
Most goodly temperature ye
may descry ;

Myld humblesse, mixt with awfull majesty.
For, looking on the earth whence she was borne,
Her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
Whatso is fayrest shall to earth returne.

But that same lofty countenance seemes to
scorne

Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven may
clime ;

Treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,
That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy
slime.

Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me ;
Such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.



DETOURNE agayne, my forces
late dismayd,
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.
Great shame it is to leave, like
one afrayd,
So fayre a peece, for one repulse so light,
Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater
might
Then those small forts which ye were wont
belay:
Such haughty myndes, enur'd to hardy fight,
Disdayne to yield unto the first assay.
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart;
Playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay;
Those engins can the proudest love convert:
And, if those fayle, fall downe and dy before
her;
So dying live, and living do adore her.



YE tradefull Merchants, that,
with weary toyle,
Do seeke most pretious things
to make your gain;
And both the Indias of their
treasure spoile;
What needeth you to seeke so
farre in vaine?

For loe, my love doth in her selfe containe
All this worlds riches that may farre be found :
If Saphyres, loe, her eies be Saphyres plaine ;
If Rubies, loe, hir lips be Rubies sound ;
If Pearles, hir teeth be Pearles, both pure and
round ;
If Yvorie, her forehead Yvory weene ;
If Gold, her locks are finest Gold on ground ;
If Silver, her faire hands are Silver sheene :
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold.



NE day as I unwarily did gaze
On those fayre eyes, my loves
immortall light;
The whiles my stonisht hart
stood in amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her
lookes delight;
I mote perceive how, in her
glauncing sight,
Legions of loves with little wings did fly;
Darting their deadly arrowes, fyry bright,
At every rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
Ayming his arrow at my very hart:
When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
The Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne;
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.



THE glorious pourtraict of that
Angels face,
Made to amaze weake mens
confused skil,
And this worlds worthlesse
glory to embase,
What pen, what pencill, can
expresse her fill ?

For though he colours could devize at will,
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
Least, trembling, it his workmanship should
spill ;

Yet many wondrous things there are beside :
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes
glide ;

The charming smiles, that rob sence from the
hart ;

The lovely pleasance ; and the lofty pride ;
Cannot expressed be by any art.

A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth
neede,

That can expresse the life of things indeed.

THE rolling wheele that run-
neth often round,
The hardest steele, in tract of
time doth teare :
And drizling drops, that often
doe redound,
The firmest flint doth in con-
tinuance weare :

Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart ;
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart ;
But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part ;
And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but
water,
And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art ;
And, when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to
laughter.
So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still re-
mayne.



THE merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
That warnes al lovers wayt upon their king,
Who now is comming forth with girland crouned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded,
Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,
That all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loves honor rayse,
No word was heard of her that most it ought;
But she his precept proudly disobayes,
And doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore, O Love, unless she turne to thee
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be!

LN vaine I seeke and sew to
her for grace,
And doe myne humbled hart
before her poure;
The whiles her foot she in my
necke doth place,
And tread my life downe in
the lowly floure.

And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdeigneth to deuoure
The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruell, and more salvage wyld,
Then either Lyon or the Lyonesse;
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,
But taketh glory in her cruelnesse.

Fayrer then fayrest! let none ever say,
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.



AS it the worke of Nature or
of Art,
Which tempred so the feature
of her face,
That pride and meeknesse,
mixt by equall part,
Doe both appeare t' adorne her
beauties grace?

For with mild pleasance, which doth pride dis-
place,

She to her love doth lookers eyes allure;

And, with sterne countenance, back again doth
chace

Their looser looks that stir up lustes impure;

With such strange termes her eyes she doth
inure,

That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay;

And with another doth it streight recure;

Her smile me drawes; her frowne me drives
away.

Thus doth she traine and teach me with her
lookes;

Such art of eyes I never read in bookes!



THIS holy season, fit to fast
and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be
inclynd;
Therefore, I lykewise, on so
holy day,
For my sweet Saynt some
service fit will find.

Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
In which her glorious ymage placed is;
On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,
Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amisse!
There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
Will builde an altar to appease her yre;
And on the same my hart will sacrifice,
Burning in flames of pure and chast desyre:
The which vouchsafe, O goddesse, to accept,
Amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.



PENELOPE, for her Uliſſes
ſake,
Deviz'd a Web her wooers to
deceave;
In which the worke that ſhe
all day did make,
The ſame at night ſhe did
againē unreave :
Such ſubtile craft my Damzell doth conceave,
Th' importune ſuit of my deſire to ſhonne :
For all that I in many dayes doo weave,
In one ſhort houre I find by her undonne.
So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I muſt begin and never bring to end :
For with one looke ſhe ſpils that long I ſponne ;
And with one word my whole years work doth
rend.
Such labour like the Spyders web I fynd,
Whoſe fruitleſſe worke is broken with leaſt
wynd.



WHEN I behold that beauties
wonderment,
And rare perfection of each
goodly part;
Of natures skill the onely com-
plement;
I honor and admire the Mak-
ers art.

But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in
mee,
That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart;
I thinke that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the Gods in councell did agree
Into this sinfull world from heaven to send;
That she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But, since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

HOW long shall this lyke dying
lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne
mysery,
But wast and weare away in
termes unsure,
Twixt feare and hope depend-
ing doubtfully !

Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride ;
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your powre, which I too well have
tride.

But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
A close intent at last to shew me grace ;
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace ;
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meede at last may turne to mee.



SWEET is the Rose, but growes
upon a brere ;
Sweet is the Junipere, but
sharpe his bough ;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but
pricketh nere ;
Sweet is the Firbloome, but
his braunche is rough ;
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough ;
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill ;
Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sowre
enough ;
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coveted the more :
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I accoumpt of little paine.
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine !



FAIRE Proud! now tell me,
why should faire be proud,
Sith all worlds glorie is but
drosse uncleane,
And in the shade of death it
selfe shall shroud,
However now thereof ye little
weene!

That goodly Idoll, now so gay beseene,
Shall doffe her fleshes borrowd fayre attyre,
And be forgot as it had never beene;
That many now much worship and admire!
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
But what this verse, that never shall expyre,
Shall to your purchas with her thankles paine!
Faire! be no lenger proud of that shall perish!
But that, which shall you make immortall
cherish.



THE laurel-leave, which you
this day doe weare,
Gives me great hope of your
relenting mynd :
For since it is the badge which
I doe beare,
Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me
inclind :

The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
Let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
Of that proud mayd, whom now those leaves
attyre :

Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus lovely fyre,
On the Thessalian shore from him did flie :
For which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,
Did her transforme into a laurell-tree.

Then fly no more, fayre Love, from Phebus
chace,
But in your brest his leave and love embrace.



EE! how the stubborne dam-
zell doth deprave
My simple meaning with dis-
daynfull scorne;
And by the bay, which I unto
her gave,
Accoumpts my self her captive
quite forlorne.

The bay (quoth she) is of the victours borne,
Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
And they therewith doe Poetes heads adorne,
To sing the glory of their famous deedes.
But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,
Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall:
That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze over-all.

Then would I decke her head with glorious
bayes,
And fill the world with her victorious prayse.



Y love is lyke to yse, and I to
fyre ;
How comes it then that this
her cold so great
Is not dissolv'd through my
so hot desyre.
But harder growes the more
I her intreat !
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not delayd by her hart-frozen cold ;
But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
And feele my flames augmented manifold !
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden
yse ;
And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse
cold,
Should kindle fyre by wonderfull devyse !
Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kynd.

xxx



H! why hath nature to so hard
a hart

Given so goodly giftes of beauties
grace!

Whose pryde depraves each
other better part,

And all those pretious ornaments
deface.

Sith to all other beastes of bloody race

A dreadfull countenance she given hath;

That with theyr terrour al the rest may chace,

And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.

But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,

Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew;

That she the better may in bloody bath

Of such poor thralls her cruell hands embrew.

But, did she know how ill these two accord,

Such cruelty she would have soone abhord.

THE paynefull smith, with force
of fervent heat,
The hardest yron soone doth
mollify ;
That with his heavy sledge he
can it beat,
And fashion to what he it list
apply.

Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
Her hart more harde then yron soft a whit :
Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I
Doe beat on th' anvile of her stubberne wit
But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde ;
And harder growes, the harder she is smit
With all the playnts which to her be applyde.
What then remains but I to ashes burne,
And she to stones at length all frozen turne !



GREAT wrong I doe, I can it
not deny,
To that most sacred Em-
presse, my dear dred,
Not finishing her Queene of
Faëry,
That mote enlarge her living
prayses, dead.

But Lodwick, this of grace to me aread ;
Do ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it
Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ ?
How then should I, without another wit,
Thinck ever to endure so tædious toyle !
Sins that this one is tost with troublous fit
Of a proud love, that doth my spirite spoyle.

Ceasse then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me
rest ;

Or lend you me another living brest.



LIKE as a ship, that through
the Ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star, doth
make her way ;
Whenas a storme hath dimd
her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander
far astray !

So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,
Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast ;
Yet hope I well that, when this storm is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief,
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
In secret sorow, and sad pensivenesse.



Y hungry eyes, through greedy
covetize

Still to behold the object of
their paine,

With no contentment can
themselves suffice;

But, having, pine; and, hav-
ing not, complaine.

For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne;

And, having it, they gaze on it the more;

In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,

Whose eyes him starv'd: so plenty makes me
poore.

Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store

Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,

But lothe the things which they did like before,

And can no more endure on them to looke.

All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,

And all their shoves but shadowes, saving
she.



TELL me, when shall these
wearie woes have end,
Or shall their ruthlesse tor-
ment never cease;
But al my dayes in pining lan-
gour spend,
Without hope of aswagement
or release?

Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace.
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes;
But that their cruelty doth still increace,
And dayly more augment my miseryes?
But, when ye have shewd all extremities,
Then thinke how litle glory ye have gayned
By slaying him, whose life, though ye despyse,
Mote have your life in honour long maintayned.

But by his death, which some perhaps will
mone,

Ye shall condemned be of many a one.



WHAT guyle is this, that those
her golden tresses
She doth attyre under a net of
gold;
And with sly skill so cunningly
them dresses,
That which is gold, or heare,
may scarce be told?

Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
Take heed, therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe
stare

Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.

Fondnesse it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden bee!



RION, when, through tem-
pests cruel wracke,
He forth was thrown into the
greedy seas ;
Through the sweet musick,
which his harp did make,
Allur'd a Dolphin him from
death to ease.

But my rude musick, which was wont to please
Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,
The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
Nor move the Dolphin from her stubborn will,
But in her pride she dooth persever still.
All carelesse how my life for her decayes :
Yet with one word she can it save or spill.
To spill were pittie, but to save were prayse !
Chose rather to be prayisd for dooing good,
Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.



SWEET Smile! the daughter
of the Queene of Love,
Expressing all thy mothers
powrefull art.
With which she wants to tem-
per angry Jove,
When all the gods he threats
with thundring dart :
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.
For, when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
A melting pleasance ran through every part,
And me revived with hart-robbing gladnesse.
Whylest rapt with joy resembling heavenly
madnes,
My soule was ravisht quite as in a traunce;
And feeling thence, no more her sorowes sad-
nesse,
Fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaunce.
More sweet than Nectar, or Ambrosiall meat,
Seemd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.



HE love which me so cruelly
tormenteth,
So pleasing is in my extreame-
est paine,
That, all the more my sorrow
it augmenteth,
The more I love and doe em-
brace my bane.

Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
To be acquit fro my continual smart;
But joy, her thrall for ever to remayne,
And yield for pledge my poor captyvèd hart;
The which, that it from her may never start,
Let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant
chayne:
And from all wandring loves, which mote per-
vart
His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.
Onely let her abstaine from cruelty.
And doe me not before my time to dy.



HALL I then silent be, or shall
I speake?

And, if I speake, her wrath
renew I shall;

And, if I silent be, my hart will
breake,

Or choked be with overflow-
ing gall.

What tyranny is this, both my hart to thrall,
And eke my tounge with proud restraint to tie;
That nether I may speake nor thinke at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die!

Yet I my hart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead;
And eke mine eies, with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read;

Which her deep wit, that true harts thought
can spel,

Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe
well.



WHEN those renowned noble
Peres of Greece,
Through stubborn pride,
amongst themselves did jar,
Forgetfull of the famous gold-
en fleece;
Then Orpheus with his harp
theyr strife did bar.

But this continuall, cruell, civill warre,
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make;
Whilest my weak powres of passions warreid
arre;

No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.
But, when in hand my tuneleese harp I take,
Then doe I more augment my foes despight;
And grieve renew, and passions doe awake
To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.

Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle
peace.

The more I fynd their malice to increase.



LEAVE, lady! in your glasse
of cristall clene,
Your goodly selfe for evermore
to vew:

And in my selfe, my inward
selfe, I meane,
Most lively lyke behold your
semblant trew.

Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,
The fayre Idea of your celestiall hew
And every part remains immortally:
And were it not that, through your cruelty,
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
The goodly ymage of your visnomy,
Clearer then cristall, would therein appere.

But, if your selfe in me ye playne will see,
Remove the cause by which your fayre
beames darkned be.



**HEN my abodes prefixed time
is spent,**

**My cruell fayre streight bids
me wend my way :**

**But then from heaven most
hideous stormes are sent,**

**As willing me against her will
to stay.**

**Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obey ?
The heavens know best what is the best for me :
But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
My lower heaven, so it perforce must bee.
But ye high heavens, that all this sorowe see,
Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,
Aswage your storms ; or else both you, and she,
Will both together me too sorely wracke.**

**Enough it is for one man to sustaine
The stormes, which she alone on me doth
raine.**



TRUST not the treason of those
smyling lookes,
Untill ye have theyr guylefull
traynes well tryde :
For they are lyke but unto
golden hookes,
That from the foolish fish
theyr bayts doe hyde :

So she with flattring smyles weake harts doth
guyde

Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay ;

Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell
pryde,

And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray :

Yet, even whylst her bloody hands them slay,

Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle ;

That they take pleasure in her cruell play,

And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.

O mighty charm ! which makes men love
theyr bane,

And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with
payne.



INNOCENT paper ; whom too
cruell hand

Did make the matter to avenge
her yre :

And, ere she could thy cause
wel understand,

Did sacrificize unto the greedy
fyre.

Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,
Then so bad end for hereticks ordayned ;
Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
But plead thy maisters cause, unjustly payned.
Whom she, all carelesse of his grieve con-
strayned

To utter forth the anguish of his hart :
And would not heare, when he to her com-
playned

The piteous passion of his dying smart.

Yet live for ever, though against her will,
And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

LAYRE cruell ! why are ye so
fierce and cruell ?
Is it because your eyes have
powre to kill ?
Then know that mercy is the
Mighties jewell :
And greater glory thinke, to
save then spill.

But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,
To shew the powre of your imperious eyes ;
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force against your enemyes :
Let them feele the utmost of your cruelties ;
And kill with looks as Cockatrices doo :
But him, that at your footstoolle humbled lies,
With mercifull regard give mercy too.

Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be ;
So shall you live, by giving life to me.



LONG languishing in double
malady

Of my harts wound, and of my
bodies griefe;

There came to me a leach, that
would apply

Fit medicines for my bodies
best reliefe.

Vayne man, quod I, that hast but little priefe

In deep discovery of the mynds disease;

Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,

And rules the members as it selfe doth please?

Then, with some cordialls, seeke first to appease

The inward languor of my wounded hart,

And then my body shall have shortly ease:

But such sweet cordialls passe Physitions art.

Then, my lyfes Leach! doe your skill reveale;

And, with one salve, both hart and body heale.



DOE I not see that fayrest
ymages
Of hardest marble are of pur-
pose made,
For that they should endure
through many ages,
Ne let theyr famous moni-
ments to fade?

Why then doe I, untrainde in lovers trade,
Her hardnes blame, which I should more com-
mend?

Sith neve rought was excellent assayde
Which was not hard t' atchieve and bring to
end.

Ne ought so hard, but he, that would attend,
Mote soften it and to his will allure:

So doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure:

Onely my paines wil be the more to get her,
But, having her, my joy wil be the greater.



O oft as homeward I from her
depart,
I goe lyke one that, having lost
the field,
Is prisoner led away with
heavy hart,
Despoyld of warlike armes and
knownen shield.

So^d doe I now my selfe a prisoner yeeld
To sorrow and to solitary paine ;
From presence of my dearest deare exylde,
Long-while alone in langour to remaine.
There let no thought of joy, or pleasure vaine,
Dare to approch, that may my solace breed ;
But sudden dumps, and drery sad disdayne
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.
So I her absens will my penaunce make,
That of her presens I my meed may take.

THE Panther, knowing that his
spotted hyde
Doth please all beasts, but that
his looks them fray ;
Within a bush his dreadfull
head doth hide,
To let them gaze, whylest he
on them may pray :

Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play ;
For, with the goodly semblant of her hew,
She doth allure me to mine owne decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,
To make the bayte her gazers to embrew :
Good shames to be to ill an instrument !

But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.



F this worlds Theatre in which
we stay,
My love, lyke the Spectator,
ydly sits;
Beholding me, that all the
pageants play,
Disguysing diversly my troub-
led wits.

Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy:
Soone after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
I waile, and make my woes a Tragedy.
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my merth, nor rues my smart:
But, when I laugh, she mocks; and, when I cry,
She laughes, and hardens evermore her hart.

What then can move her? if nor merth nor
mone,
She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.



O oft as I her beauty doe be-
hold,
And therewith doe her cruelty
compare,
I marvaile of what substance
was the mould,
The which her made attonce
so cruell faire.

Not earth; for her high thoughts more heavenly
are:

Not water; for her love doth burne like fyre:

Not ayre; for she is not so light or rare:

Not fyre; for she doth friese with faint desire.

Then needs another Element inquire

Whereof she mote be made, that is, the skye.

For to the heaven her haughty looks aspire:

And eke her mind is pure immortall hye.

Then, sith so heaven ye lykened are the best,

Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.



FAYRE ye be sure, but cruell
and unkind,

As is a Tygre, that with greed-
inesse

Hunts after bloud; when he
by chance doth find

A feeble beast, doth felly him
oppresse.

Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pittillesse,

As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate;

Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,

Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.

Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,

As is a rocke amidst the raging floods:

Gaynst which, a ship, of succour desolate,

Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.

That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,

Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.



SWEET warriour! when shall
I have peace with you?
High time it is this warre now
ended were
Which I no lenger can endure
to sue,
Ne your incessant battry more
to beare:

So weake my powres, so sore my wounds, ap-
peare,

That wonder is how I should live a jot,
Seeing my hart through-launched every where
With thousand arrowes, which your eies have
shot:

Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,
But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.

Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,
In slaying him that would live gladly yours!

Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely
grace,

That al my wounds wil heale in little space.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.



WEAKE is th' assurance that
weake flesh reposeth
In her owne powre, and scorn-
eth others ayde;
That soonest fals, when as she
most supposeth
Her selfe assur'd, and is of
nought affrayd.

All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,
Like a vaine bubble blowen up with ayre:
Devouring tyme and changeful chance have
prayd,

Her glories pride that none may it repayre.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance;
And he, that standeth on the hyghest stayre,
Fals lowest; for on earth nought hath endur-
aunce.

Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme so
farre,

That to your selfe ye most assured arre!

ARRISE happie she! that is so
well assured
Unto her selfe, and setled so in
hart,
That nether will for better be
allured,
Ne feard with worse to any
chaunce to start;

But, like a steddye ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keepes her course aright;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends:
But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
Nether to one her selfe nor other bends.

Most happy she, that most assur'd doth rest;
But he most happy, who such one loves best.

THEY, that in course of heaven-
ly spheares are skild,
To every planet point his sun-
dry yeare :
In which her circles voyage is
fulfild,
As Mars in three-score yeares
doth run his spheare.

So, since the winged god his planet cleare
Began in me to move, one yeare is spent :
The which doth longer unto me appeare,
Then al those fourty which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
The spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes :
Which I have wasted in long languishment,
That seemd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my loves fayre Planet short her wayes,
This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

THE glorious image of the
Makers beautie,
My soverayne saynt, the Idoll
of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the
bounds of dewtie,
T' accuse of pride, or rashly
blame for ought.

For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of Angels heavenly borne;
And with the crew of blessed Saynts upbrought,
Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne;
The bud of joy, the blossome of the morne,
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre;
What reason is it then but she should scorne
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire!
Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt
be,
Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree.



THE weary yeare his race now
having run,
The new begins his compast
course anew :
With shew of morning mylde
he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty
to ensew.

**So let us, which this chaunge of weather vew,
Chaunge eke our mynds, and former lives
amend ;**

**The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeares joy forth freshly send,
Into the glooming world, his gladsome ray :
And all these stormes, which now his beauty
blend,**

Shall turne to caulmes, and tymely cleare away.

**So, likewise, Love ! cheare you your heavy
spright,**

**And chaunge old yeares annoy to new de-
light.**



AFTER long stormes and tem-
pests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured here-
tofore,
In dread of death, and daun-
gerous dismay,
With which my silly barke
was tossed sore :

I doe at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arryve :
Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught
with store

Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.
Most happy he ! that can at last atchyve
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest ;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All paines are nothing in respect of this ;
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.



COMING to kisse her lyps,
(such grace I found,)
Me seemd, I smelt a gardin of
sweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them
threw around,
For damzels fit to decke their
lovers bowres.

Her lips did smell lyke unto Gillyflowers;
Her ruddy cheekes, lyke unto Roses red;
Her snowy browes, like budded Bellamoures;
Her lovely eyes, lyke Pincks but newly spred;
Her goodly bosome, lyke a Strawberry bed;
Her neck, lyke to a bounch of Cullambynes;
Her brest, lyke Lillyes, ere theyr leaves be shed;
Her nipples, lyke yong blossomed Jessemynes:
Such fragrant flowers doe give most odorous
smell;
But her sweet odour did them all excell.



HE doubt which ye misdeeme,
fayre love, is vaine,
That fondly feare to loose your
liberty;
When, loosing one, two liber-
ties ye gayne,
And make him bond that bond-
age earst dyd fly.

Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth
tye

Without constraynt, or dread of any ill :

The gentle birde feeles no captivity

Within her cage ; but singes, and feeds her fill.

There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill

The league twixt them, that loyal love hath
bound :

But simple truth, and mutuall good-will,

Seekes with sweet peace, to salve each others
wound :

There Fayth doth fearlesse dwell in brasen
towre,

And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred
bowre.



O all those happy blessings
which ye have
With plenteous hand by heav-
en upon you thrown;
This one disparagement they
to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so
meane a one.

Yee, whose high worths surpassing paragon
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
Then had ye sorted with a princes pere:
For, now your light doth more itselfe dilate,
And, in my darknesse, greater doth appeare,
Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,
With my reflex yours shall encreased be.



LYKE as a huntsman after
weary chace,
Seeing the game from him
escapt away,
Sits downe to rest him in some
shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled
of their pray:

So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,
When I all weary had the chace forsooke,
The gentle deare returnd the selfe-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:
There she, beholding me with mylder looke,
Sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide;
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
And with her owne goodwill hir fymely tyde.

Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so
wyld,

So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyld.

MOST glorious Lord of lyfe!
that, on this day,
Didst make thy triumph over
death and sin;
And, having harrowd hell,
didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us
to win:

This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin;
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dye,
Being with thy deare blood clene washt from
sin,

May live for ever in felicity!
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same againe;
And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne!

So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

THE famous warriors of anticke world
Used Trophees to erect in stately wize;
In which they would the records have enrold
Of theyr great deeds and valorous emprize.

What trophee then shall I most fit devize,
In which I may record the memory
Of my loves conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!
Even this verse, vowd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortall monument;
And tell her prayse to all posterity,
That may admire such worlds rare wonderment;
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
Gotton at last with labour and long toyle.



FRESH Spring, the herald of
loves mighty king,
In whose cote-armour richly
are displayd
All sorts of flowers, the which
on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously
arrayd;

Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one, that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew,
 Make hast, therefore, sweet love, whilst it is
 prime;
For none can call againe the passed time.



JOY to see how, in your draw-
en work,
Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe
compare ;
And me unto the Sylder, that
doth lurke
In close awayt, to catch her
unaware :

Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare
Of a deare foe, and thralld to his love ;
In whose streight bands ye now captived are
So firmly, that ye never may remove.
But as your worke is woven all above
With woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglantine ;
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many deare delights bedecked fyne.
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
Betweene the Sylder and the gentle Bee.



FT, when my spirit doth spread
her bolder winges,
In mind to mount up to the
purest sky;
It down is weighd with thought
of earthly things,
And clogd with burden of mor-
tality;
Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy,
Resembling heavens glory in her light,
Drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth
fly,
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bath in blisse, and mantleth most at ease;
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her harts desire with most contentment please.
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
But here on earth to have such hevens blisse.



BEING my self captvyed here
in care,
My hart, (whom none with
servile bands can tye,
But the fayre tresses of your
golden hayre,)
Breaking his prison, forth to
you doth fly.

Lyke as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight :
Even so my hart, that wont on your fayre eye
To feed his fill, flyes backe unto your sight.
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
Gently encage, that he may be your thrall :
Perhaps he there may learne, with rare delight,
To sing your name and prayses over-all :
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

MOST happy letters! fram'd by
skilfull trade,
With which that happy name
was first desynd,
The which three times thrise
happy hath me made,
With guifts of body, fortune,
and of mind.

The first my being to me gave by kind,
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent:
The second is my sovereigne Queene most kind,
That honour and large riches to me lent:
The third, my love, my lifes last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was rayseed:
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be prayseed.

Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.



NE day I wrote her name upon
the strand;
But came the waves, and
washed it away:
Agayne, I wrote it with a sec-
ond hand;
But came the tyde; and made
my paynes his pray.
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay
A mortall thing so to immortalize;
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
And eek my name bee wyped out lykewise.
Not so, quod I; let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.
Where, whenas death shall all the world
subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.



LAYRE bosome ! fraught with
vertues richest trespure,
The neast of love, the lodging
of delight,
The bowre of blisse, the para-
dice of pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that
heavenly spright ;
How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray !
Whiles diving deepe through amorous insight,
On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray ;
And twixt her paps, (like early fruit in May,
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace,)
They loosely did theyr wanton winges display,
And there to rest themselves did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts ! I envy your so happy rest,
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest.



AS it a dreame, or did I see it
playne;
A goodly table of pure yvory,
All spred with juncats, fit to
entertayne
The greatest Prince with
pompous roialty:
Mongst which, there in a silver
dish did ly

Twoo golden apples of unvalewd price;
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice;
Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice;
That many sought, yet none could ever taste;
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradiſe
By Love himſelfe, and in his garden plaſte.

Her brest that table was, ſo richly ſpredd;
My thoughts the gueſts, which would thereon
have fedd.



ACKYNG my love, I go from
place to place,
Lyke a young fawne, that late
hath lost the hynd;
And seeke each where, where
last I sawe her face,
Whose ymage yet I carry fresh
in mynd.

I seeke the fields with her late footing synd;
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt;
Yet nor in field nor bowre I her can fynd;
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect:
But, when myne eyes I thereunto direct,
They ydly back returne to me agayne:
And, when I hope to see theyr trew object,
I fynd my selfe but fed with fancies vayne.

Ceasse then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to
see;

And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.



MEN call you fayre, and you
doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye dayly
such doe see :
But the trew fayre, that is the
gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much
more praysd of me :
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious
hew ;

But onely that is permanent and free
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.
That is true beautie : that doth argue you
To be divine, and borne of heavenly seed ;
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom al
true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed :
He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made ;
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.



AFTER so long a race as I have
run

Through Faery land, which
those six books compile,
Give leave to rest me being
halfe fordonne,
And gather to myselfe new
breath awhile.

Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
Out of my prison I will breake anew ;
And stoutly will that second worke assoyle,
With strong endeavour and attention dew.
Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew
To sport my muse, and sing my loves sweet
praise ;
The contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse,
But let her prayses yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

FAYRE is my love, when her
fayre golden heares
With the loose wynd ye wav-
ing chance to marke;
Fayre, when the rose in her
red cheekes appeares;
Or in her eyes the fyre of love
does sparke.

Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,
With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay;
Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft
doth dark

Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
But fayrest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight;
Through which her words so wise do make their
way

To beare the message of her gentle spright.
The rest be works of natures wonderment:
But this the worke of harts astonishment.



YOY of my life ! full oft for lov-
ing you
I blesse my lot, that was so
lucky placed :
But then the more your owne
mishap I rew,
That are so much by so meane
love embased.

For, had the equall heavens so much you graced
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
Som heavenly wit, whose verse could have en-
chased

Your glorious name in golden monument.
But since ye deignd so goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth ;
That little, that I am, shall all be spent
In setting your immortal prayes forth :
Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.



ET not one sparke of filthy
lustfull fyre
Breake out, that may her sa-
cred peace molest;
Ne one light glance of sensuall
desyre
Attempt to work her gentle
minde unrest:

But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
And modest thoughts breathd from wel-temperd
sprites,

Goe visit her in her chaste bowre of rest
Accompanyde with angelick delights.

There fill your selfe with those most joyous
sights,

The which my selfe could never yet attayne:
But speake no word to her of these sad plights,
Which her too constant stiffenesse doth con-
strayn.

Onely behold her rare perfection.
And blesse your fortunes fayre election.

THE world that cannot deeme
of worthy things,
When I doe praise her, say I
doe but flatter:
So does the Cuckow, when the
Mavis sings,
Begin his witlesse note apace
to clatter.

But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not envy or admyre;
Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,
But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
Deepe, in the closet of my parts entyre,
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill.
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shal
thunder,
Let the world chose to envy or to wonder.



VENEMOUS tounge, tipt with
vile adders sting,
Of that selfe kynd with which
the Furies fell
Theyr snaky heads doe combe,
from which a spring
Of poysoned words and spite-
full speeches well ;
Let all the plagues, and horrid paines, of hell
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hyre
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tel,
In my true love did stirre up coles of yre ;
The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
And, catching hold on thine owne wicked hed,
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile con-
spire
In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred !
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy re-
ward,
Dew to thy selfe, that it for me prepard !



SINCE I did leave the presence
of my love,
Many long weary dayes I have
outworne;
And many nights, that slowly
seemd to move
Theyr sad protract from even-
ing untill morne.

For, when as day the heaven doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end :
And, when as night hath us of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my grieve with chaunges to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seeme a myle.

So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last ;
But joyous houres doe fly away too fast.



SINCE I have lackt the comfort
of that light,
The which was wont to lead
my thoughts astray;
I wander as in darkenesse of
the night,
Affrayd of every dangers least
dismay.

Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon theyr shadowes vayne,
But th' onely image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof some glance doth in mine eie re-
mayne.

Of which beholding the Idæa playne,
Through contemplation of my purest part,
With light thereof I doe my selfe sustayne,
And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.

But, with such brightnesse whylest I fill my
mind,

I starve my body, and mine eyes doe blynd.

LYKE as the Culver, on the
bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence
of her mate ;
And, in her songs, sends many
a wishfull vow
For his returne that seemes to
linger late :

So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my love,
And, wandring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful
dove.

Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her owne joyous sight :
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can
move,

In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.

Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

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